Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

AN INVOCATION.

Brother, come and with me stray
Back through the fields where we used to play.

Let's forget we are careworn men
And for awhile be boys again.

Long, dull pages of dreary books
We'll exchange for the songs of brooks.

Drowsy hum of bees shall drown
Noise of the money-getting town.

How times flies! to me,it seems
Lives are only fleeting dreams.

Snows and summers strangely sweep
Past our minds in one brief sleep.

Waking now and then we sigh
For the "long ago" or the "by and by."

Weeping the weary way between
Far-off valleys of gold and green.

Let's dismiss the weary now,
Banish the lines from cheek and brow;

Rest awhile from our load of care,
Quite forgetting our silvered hair;

Trade our burden of wealth for joy
Such as we knew when we were boys;

Giving our purses, gold-distressed,
For one brief season of perfect rest.

Let's go down to the dear old mill
(Broken the wheel is now and still.)

Through the bins play "hide and seek,"
Hear the rumbling whirr and creak.

Watch the river's ceaseless flow
Just as we did in the years ago.

We'll once more wade the lily pond,
And climb the trees in the wood beyond;

Find a lithesome limb, and, high,
Swing as we watch the clouds drift by,

Every whispering summer breeze
Bringing us pleasure and glad heart's ease.

Then through the meadows fair we'll stray
Watching the happy lambs at play.

Four-leaved clovers kissed with dew
Will "good luck" once more bring we two.

Then we'll laugh where boughs o'erhead
Droop with the apples gold and red;

Drink once more from the dear old spring,
Play again at the same old swing;

Swing till we almost touch the sky,
Rest and wait for the cat to die.

Old-time friends with us will play
"Mumble-the-peg" and "pull-away."

With laugh and shout and blithesome skip
We'll join once more in "crack-the-whip."

Once again your heart and mine
All their thoughts shall intertwine:

Find once more our childish toys,
Mingle all our tears and joys.

Strange how since the years have flown
We have very strangely grown.

Gone are friends we knew in May,
Skies are dressed in their autumn gray.

We are weary of paths that rove
Far away from the scenes we love.

Let's go back to the Isles of Rest.
Back once more to the old home nest;

Drink from the springs of youth again.
God! must we evermore be men?

Brother, come and with me stray
Back through the fields of yesterday.

—Chicago Herald.

LEGEND OF A THIMBLE.

The Useful Little Article Was Invented for Love's Sake.

The snow ceased falling. The temperature already low was still falling; a beautiful frost at last seemed about to follow the interminable, gloomy, disagreeable days which for weeks had kept the people of Amsterdam shut up in their houses—these people whom that old Dutch scholar, Erasmus, because of their houses being built upon piles, has likened to crows perched upon trees. But suddenly the sun succeeded in piercing the leaden darkness mingled with clouds that stretched themselves like a sheet of water to the north of Holland. In less than an hour the east wind—the grand motor of the innumerable wind-mills of the country—swept the sky and restored it, clear, shining, like a silvery satin.

Whereupon a wild joy took possession of the town. Everybody went out. The air, cold, but pure and wholesome as water from a rock, was intoxicating. At last they were able to give themselves up to skating, the favorite pleasure of the Hollanders.

These people, reputed quiet by those who know them but little, bestow upon their holiday hours an activity without its equal; a robust gayety of which loud laughter and repartee form an integral part. This Venice of the north, with its innumerable canals and its vast harbors, busies itself ordinarily with its immense commerce, in comparative silence, due to the almost total absence of carriages and to the almost unique movement of its boatmen. But let the frost come—an astonishing reaction bursts forth; an eruption of pent-up life. It is a curious and extraordinary spectacle. Everybody puts on his skates; the infirm make sledges serve as vehicles; children, seated in little carriages, which they propel by the use of sticks, dart among the legs of the skaters, causing many a fall—droll accidents at which one cannot help laughing. Grave people who would fain resist it are drawn into the scrimmage. Everybody is excited by the noise, gestures, talk, movement. There is nothing comparable in this intoxication with that of the Italian carnivals.

Moreover the gracious side is not lacking in these scenes, so full of freedom, of laisser-aller, sometimes of clownishness. Skaters of wonderful dexterity charm the eye by the ease they know how to employ in executing the greatest difficulties of their favorite exercise, and young men invite young girls for a skating duet just as in the drawing-rooms they ask for a waltz.

On this day in February, 1684, an hour after dinner, a charming girl, seventeen or eighteen years of age, elegantly clothed, started out alone—her delicate feet skimming over the ice.

She could not, however, have lacked company in her evolutions had she desired it; for she was the only daughter of the privateer Van der Kassen, one of the wealthiest men in Amsterdam.

But, contrary to its wont, her sweet face seemed pensive. She had refused the gallant invitations of all her father's friends and avoided the society of her customary companions.

She skated, distrait and solitary in the midst of the crowd, collision with whom she avoided skillfully, when suddenly her eye lighted up, her rosy cheek took on a rosier tint, and a smile half opened her little mouth at sight of a young man simply dressed, but supple and elegant, who was approaching her on the point of one of his skates.

"Good-day, Jacquine."

"Good-day, Nicolas."

He described a narrow circle in order to come nearer to her. He seized the two hands she stretched out to him, and, intertwining their arms, they spun away together, rapidly, in a harmonious movement, away from the crowd.

They had known each other for a long time. Nicolas van Benshatin was very cordially received—almost like a relative—at the house of Van der Hassen, although he was poor and an artisan. But in those days labor honored the laborer, and, beside, Nicolas, a son of an officer of the Marines, killed in a naval combat, belonged to a good family and had been well brought up. Forced by necessity to enter into some industry, he had chosen a profession highly esteemed, and at this epoch, absolutely artistic—that of silversmith. A pupil of Lutona—a master—he was full of talent and could in his turn have become patron had he possessed the resources necessary to establish himself. Unfortunately burdens which he had generously assumed day by day consumed his modest profits.

When the two young people were at a little distance from the noisy crowd they broke the stillness preserved until now.

It was Nicolas, who in a penetrating and excited voice commenced thus:

"Jacquine, I have searched for you among all this crowd—I must speak with you."

"Ah!" roguishly replied the pretty child, a hundred times more fascinating in her brown fur bonnet, which set off her fresh, pink cheeks and her beautiful, sweet eyes.

"Jacquine—I must have courage. We ought to cease seeing each other."

"But why?"

"Because—I feel that I am going to love you—too much. That would make unhappiness for both of us."

"Then you do not love me — too much?"

"Alas! do not laugh. Do I know how to calculate exactly the point at which one can love without exceeding the limits of right? All that I am sure of is that I still feel the power to go away from you as the most alluring of dangers. To-morrow should I still be capable of it? I doubt it. It must be done at once. I wanted to explain to you—that you might know—that you might not accuse me—when I shall no longer come."

The voice of the young man failed him, choked with emotion.

Jacquine, firm and brave, replied, daringly:

"Goodness! what are you tormenting yourself about? What misfortune do you think could happen, my poor Nicolas?"

"Your father must have dreamed of a wealthy marriage for you."

She tossed her head with an adorable mutiny.

"Yes, it is possible. But as for me, I dreamed of something else. I am an only child—without a mother, very spoiled. Nothing will ever happen but what will please me."

"Jacquine! reflect; do not utter words lightly, I implore you. I speak seriously."

"What do you hope, then, may happen?"

She caressed him with a most tender look, a most confident smile, and he murmured:

"You know very well."

Their joined hands were clasped more tightly. Their eyes shone with an honest light. With one stroke of the skates they regained their movement, for an instant retarded, then cut the air like a couple of doves flying through space.

About three months after this day, which had been at the same time the last of the winter and the first of the secret betrothal of Nicolas and Jacquine, the town had totally changed its aspect. It was warmer than one would have believed it possible to be in Holland, where the humidity joined to the least warm ray of the sun creates a hothouse atmosphere, favorable to a rapid development of vegetation.

Upon the banks of the canals at that time stood regular, symmetrical houses, yet at the same time each having its special physiognomy, its historical facade, its gables, its devices and features, proclaiming not only the profession of its proprietor but also his tastes and even his opinions.

Amsterdam at this period had arrived at a very flourishing point of prosperity, due in part to the celebrated bank of the India company. Since 1609, the date of its foundation, the commerce of Holland had taken great strides. The enlarged capital had enriched and increased it. Upon the Amstel and upon the gulf, bridges, dikes, an entire superb city built like a fan out into the very sea, arose—prodigious monuments of human will over a moving soil. The republic of the united provinces enjoyed the benefits of peace after terrible vicissitudes, and gave itself up with joy to intellectual pleasures. The artistic sentiment was developed. The taste for curios awoke, in face of the continual importation from Java, Brazil and the Indies. The theater became the rage. Writing and painting progressed daily. Everybody desired to have a portrait of himself, and meanwhile artists earned so little that they were compelled to practice a trade aside from their art, in order to live. Even the great Rembrandt died insolvent. Sculpture alone did not exist, and that because of a prejudice. The model was considered infamous.

The wealthy residence of Van der Hassen, it goes without saying, was reckoned among those which contained the most of splendor and luxury. A true luxury, without ostentation, was displayed in the vestibule of marble, from which ascended a stairway with a sculptured balustrade entirely of violet ebony. Thick carpeting covered the floors. Below the windows, on the side opposite the canal, a garden, kept like a parlor, charmed the eye, with its walks in straight lines, sanded and sown with fine gravel, blooming with tulips, anemones, hyacinths of varied colors, recalling a Japanese flower garden.

But inside this opulent house joy no longer reigned. She who had been the little queen of it, whose songs used to sound so gayly on the landing-places, from top to bottom—in short, Jacquine, is mute. She conceals her grief, her regrets, her weariness. Her father, gloomy and severe, no longer utters a word. A leaden sadness weighs upon the useless riches which are powerless to bestow happiness if one does not carry it within oneself.

Thus, as Nicolas van Benshatin, to whom she had so imprudently engaged herself, had foretold, their poor love had not met with the sanction of the privateer. Jacquine had presumed too much upon her power. Van der Hassen was inflexible. Without being wicked, he yielded to harshness, as parents too often do in such cases. The old familiar friend had been sharply expelled, and Jacquine, placed under the humiliating guard of a duenna, knew nothing whatever of the proscribed one.

Being faithful, the young girl knew how to suffer. Voluntarily she increased the rigor of her fate by making herself a prisoner in her apartment, which she refused to leave, by condemning herself to a respectful but implacable silence toward her father. Her days passed, interminable, monotonous. Her melancholy face was incessantly bent over her embroidery frame—the only diversion which she permitted herself. Like all the ladies of her time she had a gre at ability in this respect.

But no matter how well accustomed to the work was her young sight, she often wounded her finger, so delicate and so white, with the eye of the needle.

One day it became necessary to stop the drops of blood, like rubies, spotted her work.

By chance Jacquine was alone—freed for some moments from the imprisonment which wearied her. A discouragement—a bitter sadness overwhelmed her. She wept without trying to prevent her tears, while with a bandage of batiste she bound her light but smarting wound.

It was not the first time that she had found herself interrupted in her beloved labor by a like accident. Was her skin more delicate than that of other women? She had always been often thus arrested in her excess of laborious ardor; but then Nicolas was there to divert her and to pity her ennui. What would become of her now—solitary and so sad without him?

Thinking all these things she felt a dull anger pervade her, as her eyes wandered over the opulence which surrounded her and separated her from her beloved one. All these pictures which adorn the walls, these engravings perhaps even more valued than the canvases, these dazzling leathers, this solid furniture, the projecting molding, supporting ewers and silver vases by Lutona and Adam von Vianen, these ivories, laqueres, foreign porcelains, these Delft faiences—and opposite her this great ocean chart upon which the privateer had pricked the course of the ships which were traversing the seas for him — seeking his fortune — the fortune now of his odious child!

Suddenly, in the midst of her sad reverie, Jacquine distinguished, out upon the canal, the definite sound of an oar beating the water.

At first she did not pay much attention to it, but at length it ended by her feeling herself attracted, and she turned her scarcely dried eyes toward the outside.

Nicolas was there! Alone in a boat that he was managing himself.

Seeing Jacquine he smiled sadly, but in a satisfied way. For a long time, doubtless, he had waited for her appearance.

He placed a finger upon his lips as a sign for prudence, showed a very small package which he held in the hollow of his hand, and tried to make his loved one understand that he desired to send it to her.

Jacquine, with the quickness of thought, opened the casement and threw to the young man a ball of silk of which she held the end of the thread.

Nicolas seized it flying, attached the object firmly to it, then, after a touching gesture of farewell, moved rapidly away.

Jacquine all this time was drawing to herself the mysterious packet.

A strong paper enveloped a letter and a little silver trinket which the girl looked at without guessing its use.

She abandoned it very shortly in order to read the dear writing that accompanied it:

"JACQUINE:—Be obedient to your father Forget me. I do not desire you to weep longer. I bid you adieu for this world. Permit me to offer you a very humble souvenir—a thing that I have invented for you—a little instrument which you must put upon you finger when you work. It will preserve you from the wounds which I have seen you suffer from so often. Alas! I had dreamed thus to carve our wedding rings. Adieu, Jacquine. I leave Amsterdam. I hope your father will not forbid your using the modest gift which he, who will never see you again, begs you to accept.

"NICOLAS VAN BENSHATIN."

Upon finishing the reading of these words, so simple, so unstudied, but which came from the heart, Jacquine burst into sobs.

"Always! always yours!" she exclaimed through her tears. "Nothing shall absolve me from my promise. Thou mayst depart! but for me—I shall always await thy coming."

Three years later Jacquine van der Hassen married a rich manufacturer of Sheffield—a man whose trade extended over the entire world, even to China, where they exerted themselves to copy the valuable articles of his manufacture.

When he asked the privateer for the hand of his daughter, it had been warmly accepted, and it was with pride, triumphant and happy, that Jacquine, prettier than ever, appeared on his arm, before all their friends gathered together for the marriage fete. This was because in taking for a husband the great merchant, she did not break the dear promise of her youth.

It was with Nicolas van Benshatin that she walked to the church—Nicolas—of whom his pretty invention, for love's sake, so simple, so homely, had made a millionaire.

Having gone over to England, he had shown the thimble—a little implement without a name—to some one intelligent enough to foresee the success of so useful an object. A partnership, then an immediate success, complete, immense, had made of the Holland artisan, in a few months, a glorious success—a success of labor and courageous perseverance.

A long time afterward, when Nicolas and Jacquine had celebrated their diamond wedding—a thing that frequently happens in Holland, the land of longevity *par excellence*—they heard antique cities talked of, formerly buried beneath the ashes of Vesuvius that had been discovered, Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the curious excavations which were made they discovered, together with many other things that one might believe to be of modern invention, the thimble, open at the top, such as our tailors use.

And those good old men, grown to be patriarchs, pleased themselves by relating to their great-grandchildren this pretty story of their youth—now named "The Legend of the Thimble"—of which the moral must have been:

"There is nothing new under the sun," and "One need never despair."—From the French by A. M. Mosher, in N. Y. Independent.

—"I think that we are ready for traveling," said the proprietor of the small menagerie. "The elephant has his trunk, the kangaroo has a fair pouch and the bear has a pretty good grip."

ON OCEAN STEAMERS.

The Kind of Men That Command Great Ships.

Clear-headed, brainy, driving men are these master mariners, and bearing patiently a responsibility that needs an iron will and a courage faltering at nothing. There is no royal road to their station, nor can willing hands make them what they must be. They can not crawl through cabin windows, nor, for that matter, come flying in a pier-head jump through the gangway with one leg forward and the other aft.

They have to fight their way over the bows and struggle out of the ruck and smother in the fo'ks'le by sturdy buffeting and hard knocks, by the persistent edging of stout shoulders backed by strong hearts and steady brains. If it is in them they will make their way in the end surely, and may set the course and stump to windward as they please, while others haul the weather-earrings and drink their grog protestingly.

No; master mariners are made, not born, and unlike many of their brothers in the government service, have to rise by energy, pluck, merit—why enumerate them?—by a hundred qualities the world is better for owning. In the stoke-hole, however, one leaves behind the formal and mathematical, and sees the picturesque with all its dirt unvarnished, with all its din and clangor unsubdued. Under the splintering silver of the electric lamps cones of light illuminate great spaces garishly and leave others in unbroken masses of shadaw.

When the furnace doors are opened thirsty tongues of fire gush out, blue spirals of gas spin and reel over the bubbling mass of fuel, and great sheets of flame suck half-burnt carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted heads and smoking bodies the stokers shoot their slice bars through the melting hillocks, and twist and turn them until they undulate like serpents.

Through bulkhead doors the red and gold of the furnaces checker the reeking floor, and the tremulous roar of the caged fires dominates the sibilant splutter of the steam. Figures nearly naked, gritty and black with coal, and pasty with ashes and soaked with sweat, come and go in the blazing light and in the half gloom, and seem like nightmares from fantastic tales of demonology.

Facing the furnaces, the hollow upscooping of the stoker's shovel echoes stridently on the iron floor, and these speed-makers pile coal on coal until the fire fairly riots, and, half blinded, they stagger backward for a cooling respite. But it is only a moment at the best, for their taskmasters watch and drive them, and the tale of furnaces does its stint.

The iron tools blister their hands, the roaring furnaces sear their bodies; their chests heave like those of spent swimmers, their eyes tingle in parched sockets—but work they must, there is no escape, no holiday in this maddening limbo. Steam must be kept up, or perhaps a cruel record must be lowered.

The noise and uproar are deafening; coal-trimmers trundle their barrows unceasingly from bunker to stoke hole, or, if the ship's motion be too great for the wheels, carry it in baskets, and during the four long hours there is no rest for those who labor here.

First-class ships muster from twelve to fifteen men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen. Of course the majority are such only in name, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to fly the blue flag at least ten of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the naval reserve, and to be an A B there one must hand, reef and steer deftly.

These are the people who in port stand by the ship; that is, those who take, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at fixed wages per day while the ship refits and loads. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must ship at the beginning of each run—must "sign articles" as it is called—before a board of trade shipping master.

As the law has always regarded Jack as "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers," great stress is laid in these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown about these "wards of the admiralty" by a quasi-paternal government.

Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and assertively, at times with a great deal of unnecessary swagger and bounce, for all the articles—"his articles"—allow him.

The boatswain selects the ship's company, and the sea-birds flutter on board, usually a few hours before the vessel hauls into the stream. They fly light, these western ocean sailors, and their kits are such as beggars would laugh at, even in Ratcliffe highway.

Generally they are in debt to the Sailors' Home—they pay seventeen bob a week for their grub and lodging—and many of them just touch their advance money, as a guarantee of receipt, and then see most of it disappear, for goods fairly furnished, into the superintendent's monk-bag.

But they are philosophers in their sad way, and are apt, if they find themselves safely on board with a couple of shillings in their 'baccy pounches, with a pan, an extra shirt, a pannikin, a box of matches and a bar of soap, to feel that the anchor can not be tripped too soon as they are equipped for an adventure anywhere, even to the "Hinjies, heast or west," as their doleful ditty announces.

Leaving out of question the responsibility of the watch, try and measure the physical misery when gales are howling, and spray is flying, and icy seas are shooting over the weather bulwarks, and the ship is slamming along, wallowing in the hollows, or wriggling on zenith-seeking billows.

It may be at night, when you can not see a ship's length ahead, and around you, threatening disaster and death, are a dozen vessels; it may be when the ice is moving and the towering bergs lie in your pathway. Then those dreadful middle watches, when, after a hard tour of duty, you are roused out of a comfortable bed and jumped half awakened, into the chill and misery of the gale-blown night with every nerve and muscle strained to the breaking point.

No, it is, believe me, the hardest kind of hard work, and it so saps the body and warps the temper, and makes the best old before their day, that no self-respecting mother will let her daughter marry a man who knows an oar from a fence-rail, if he has learned their differences—watch-keeping.—Lieut. J. D. Kelley, in Scribner.

PITH AND POINT.

—The worst all-around striker is the borrower—Pittsburg Post.

—The physicians may be called grip-men now.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—Yes, Ruth, it is perfectly proper to speak of cigarettes as "the fouls of the air."—Columbus Post.

—The Wise Old Man.—"Was your elopement a success?" "Hardly." "What went wrong?" "Her father telegraphed us not to return and all would be forgiven."—Yankee Blade.

—Milkman—"Shall I leave the usual quart of milk on the front step, ma'am, in the morning?" Mistress of the House—"No. I think a pint will be enough, it looks so much like rain."—Harper's Bazar.

—Presence of Mind.—Miss Plumleigh (choking)—"Oh, Mr. Dudekin! I—I—really think I've swallowed a dreadful fly! What shall I do?" Dudekin—"Deah girl, better swallah some fly papah."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Hungry Higgins—"Say, boss, I haven't had a bite to eat for four days." Mudge (hurrying by)—"And I have had to decline seven invitations to dinner in the same period of time. Funny how things average up, isn't it."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—Pete Genseng—"Mr. Paterson, de ole man wants to borrer your rake ter clean up his garden wid." Mr. Paterson—"I can't let him have it; don't you see I'm using it?" Pete Genseng—"Well, caynt yo' borrer anodder one?"—Conglomerate.

—Tourist—"Have you any seltzer water, my good woman?" The Good Woman—"No! ve haf none of dose, but ve haf goot spring vell-water." Tourist—"No, I am obliged, I never drink common water; it contains too many microbes."—Demorest's Monthly.

—"Do you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?" "Yes." "Fate's awful funny sometimes. Ten years ago when we were boys together his one ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch mountain lions with a lasso."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Watchful Mother (entering library suddenly)—"Good heavens, Maud, wh—what are you doing? Go to your room instantly." Fair Daughter (sobbing)—"I wa—was doing just what papa told me to." W. M. (aghast)—"What!" F. D.—"Ye—Yes! He said it was high time I were sitting down on that impudent Mr. Jiggs, and that's ju—just what I was dud—doing."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Willie (regretfully)—"I'd like, just awfully, to kiss you, Gracie, but I 'spect it wouldn't do. You know your mamma said you mustn't never kiss the boys." Gracie—"Yes, that's what she said. That is, it's about what she said. I 'member just as well. She says to me, she says: 'Gracie, don't you ever let me see you kissin' the boys.' Mamma, she's gone over to Mrs. Bilby's."—Boston Globe.

—Came Prepared.—The Liars' club had met at the usual time and place, the competitors for the honor of having told the prize lie of the evening had spun their yarns, and the committee was about to retire for consultation. "Gentlemen," observed the chairman, "it may lighten your labors if you take a smoke. Try these cigars. You will find them pretty fair." The committee smoked the cigars and unanimously awarded the prize to the chairman.—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT HE REQUIRED.

He Did Not Purchase the Entire Establishment.

"By the great guns, sir," said a stout man in an ulster and white necktie, looking down from the balcony skirting the upholstery department of a well-known dry-goods store, "this is an immense place—huge, simply stupendous."

"Oh, yes; nice store," said the clerk, obligingly.

"The Bon-Marche isn't a comparison. No, sir; not a comparison, sir. How much of a stock do you carry?"

"About two hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"Good! First-rate! And furniture—how about furniture?"

"Over one hundred thousand dollars."

"Admirable! Take a house and go right through it, I s'pose—furnish it complete, could you—from top to bottom, eh?"

"Yes; everything from carpets to bric-a-brac."

"And lace curtains and tapestries, you keep them?"

"Keep everything."

"And you know what style is, too—renaissance, Pompadour, Henry II. and the Louis?"

"No one better posted than our manager. P'raps you'd better see him. Mr. X——, here one moment," and the manager came up with a smile on him like a half-moon.

"No idea of it," mused the ulster. "No idea. Had an impression you had to go to Europe for such things. Good taste—everything correct, surprising, really."

"If you could give me an idea," ventured the manager, "of about what you required, you know——"

"Ah, yes, I forgot. I want two and a half yards of green shade fringe. Magnificent establishment!" — Upholsterer.

BROKE HIS WOODEN LEG.

But He Imagined It Was His Bones, and Suffered Accordingly.

A police officer found a man lying on the sidewalk writhing in agony and moaning piteously that his leg was broken. He said he had been run down by a street car. An ambulance was called and the sufferer was removed to the county hospital. He was lifted gently into the wagon, and three officers carried him into the examing room. He was stretched out on a cot, and called feebly for morphine. Dr. Graves hurried down-stairs with his physician's case in hand. With a pair of scissors he cut the trousers leg covering the injured member. The fractured bone could be plainly seen by the impression through the cloth. "It's a bad fracture," soliloquized the doctor. "Hulloa, what's this? Bounce that fellow out of here!" he ordered, angrily. "I wonder if he thinks this is a wooden-leg factory."

The man raised up at the doctor's remark about a "wooden leg" and inspected his fractured limb.

"Darned if you ain't right, doc," he said. "My wooden leg is broke square in two. Durned if it hurt worse than a real leg. Got some string, any of you fellows?"

The fellow's wooden leg had been broken and imagination did the rest. He was provided with string, and, tying the parts together, hobbled off with a smile.—Chicago Mail.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE BOSTON GLOBE FOR THE SINGLE TAX.

In an editorial article on "Tax Reform in Maine," the Boston Globe makes an admirable criticism on a recent article by Judge Emery in the Lewiston Journal, which, after admitting that taxes on personal property should be abolished unless every dollar of such property can be reached, merely goes on to recommend more drastic methods for compelling people to disclose to the tax collector the character and extent of their possessions. The Globe says that such inquisitorial methods invade personal liberty; that a man has a right to his own and a right to keep its amount secret if he chooses; that people feel this to be so, and, though they submit to some invasion of their personal liberty, they still feel it to be an invasion and resent it. It points out, as a curious inconsistency in Judge Emery's argument for the taxation of every thing, his declaration that it is an axiom in the science of taxation that tools and the products of labor should be exempted, since the very purpose of the kind of tax reform the judge is advocating is to compel the payment of taxes on "tools and the products of labor." It further predicts that if Maine adopts such measures her people will find that few new enterprises will be started and that many existing establishments will be moved to states less disposed to put a fine on industry. The Globe thus concludes its article:

When will legislators learn that capital is easily movable, and will not stay where it is severely taxed? The "tools of labor" include machinery. Tax machinery heavily and you drive manufacturing industry out of the state. Tax the products of labor and you discourage the employment of labor. And where in the state of Maine or elsewhere in the wide world will Judge Emery and the tax commissioners find any thing to tax that was not produced by labor. There is only one taxable thing that labor did not produce and taxation can not drive away. That is land. If Judge Emery is sincere in wishing to exempt the products of labor from taxation there would seem to be no recourse but to favor raising the revenues mainly or wholly by a land tax. With such a tax in operation there would be as much land in Maine as before, and it would be as fertile. But the houses, barns, cattle and crops of the farmer would be exempted; so would the machinery of the manufacturer, the tools of the laborer, the savings of everybody. Capital would flow on instead of out. Many wise men have advocated such a change in the tax laws, and if Maine should try the experiment it would be watched with the greatest interest in every part of the country.

Effect of the Single Tax on the Farmer.

The farmer would be a great gainer by the substitution of a single tax upon the value of land for all these taxes, for the taxation of land values would fall with greatest weight, not upon the agricultural districts, where land values are comparatively small, but upon the towns and cities where land values are high; whereas taxes upon personal property and improvements fall as heavily in the country as in the city. And in sparsely settled districts there would be hardly any taxes at all for the farmer to pay. For taxes, being levied upon the value of the bare land, would fall as heavily upon unimproved as upon improved land. Acre for acre, the improved and cultivated farm, with its buildings, fences, orchard, crops and stock could be taxed no more than unused land of equal quality. The result would be that speculative values would be kept down, and that cultivated and improved farms would have no taxes to pay until the country around them had been well settled. In fact, paradoxical as it may at first seem to them, the effect of putting all taxation upon the value of land would be to relieve the harder working farmers of all taxation.

But the grain of the working farmer can only be seen when the effect upon the distribution of population is considered. The destruction of speculative land values would tend to diffuse population where it is too dense and to concentrate it where it is too sparse; to substitute for the tenement house, homes surrounded by gardens, and to fully settle agricultural districts before people were driven far from neighbors to look for land. The people of the cities would thus get more of the pure air and sunshine of the country, the people of the country more of the economies and social life of the city. If, as is doubtless the case, the application of machinery tends to large fields, agricultural population will assume the primitive form and cluster in villages. The life of the average farmer is now unnecessarily dreary. He is not only compelled to work early and late, but he is cut off by the sparseness of population from the conveniences, the amusements, the educational facilities, and the social and intellectual opportunities that come with the closer contact of man with man. He would be far better off in all these respects, and his labor would be far more productive, if he and those around him held no more land than they wanted to use, while his children, as they grew up, would neither be so impelled to seek the excitement of a city nor would they be driven so far away to seek farms of their own. Their means of living would be in their own hands, and at home.

In short, the working farmer is both a laborer and a capitalist, as well as a land owner, and it is by his labor and capital that his living is made. His loss would be nominal; his gain would be real and great.

The Colored Alliance Indorse Single Tax.

The last number of the New Earth prints the following important news item as "selected." It is important, because, if true, it brings within the ranks of the single taxers a tremendous force for pushing the movement ahead. Here is the item:

"The Colored National Farmers' Alliance," said Col. Humphrey, "has a million and a half of members, and extends all over the south and southwest. It does an immense exchange business in the commercial centers of Houston, New Orleans, Mobile, Norfolk, Va., and Charleston, S. C.; besides having many subordinate exchanges and co-operative stores all over the country. It has its official newspaper—the National Alliance, of Houston—has built upwards of four thousand alliance school-houses and two thousand alliance churches, has awakened hope, encouraged industry and thrift, introduced order and cleanliness, and added another room or two to thousands and thousands of little homes. It encourages the colored people to keep away from the whites, and to rely upon themselves for their welfare and amusements, supplying separate societies, separate schools and separate churches. This separation of blacks from whites stops race troubles. I do not know of any difficulty that has occurred between our colored people and whites within eighteen months. I have lived fifty years among them, and I say these colored people are as quick as white people to learn. This is shown in their rise from slavery twenty-five or thirty years ago to their present intelligent and independent position.

"What about the single tax idea?" I asked.

"I am a single tax man, heart and hand, and so is the whole colored alliance. In the official paper I keep the single tax idea before the eye. The present land and taxation system is a premium on worthlessness."

The Homestead Owner and the Single Tax.

Take, now, the case of the homestead owner—the mechanic, storekeeper, or professional man who has secured himself a house and lot, where he lives, and which he contemplates with satisfaction as a place from which his family can not be ejected in case of his death. He will not be injured; on the contrary, he will be the gainer. The selling value of his lot will diminish—theoretically it will entirely disappear. But its usefulness to him will not disappear. It will serve his purpose as well as ever. While, as the value of all other lots will diminish or disappear in the same ratio, he retains the same security of always having a lot that he had before. That is to say, he is a loser only as the man who has bought himself a pair of boots may be said to be a loser by the subsequent fall in the price of boots. His boots will be just as useful to him, and the next pair of boots he can get cheaper. So, to the homestead owner, his lot will be as useful, and should he look forward to getting a larger lot, or having his children, as they grow up, get homesteads of their own, he will, even in the matter of lots, be the gainer. And in the present, other things considered, he will be much the gainer. For though he will have more taxes to pay upon his land, he will be released from taxes upon his house and improvements, upon his furniture and personal property, upon all that he and his family eat, drink and wear, while his earnings will be largely increased by the rise of wages, the constant employment, and the increased briskness of trade. His only loss will be, if he wants to sell his lot without getting another and this will be a small loss compared with the great gain.

The Effort of Appropriating Ground Rent to Public Use.

To appropriate ground rent to public uses by means of taxation would permit the abolition of all the taxation which now presses so heavily upon labor and capital. This would enormously increase the production of wealth by the removal of restrictions and by adding to the incentives to production.

It would at the same time enormously increase the production of wealth by throwing open natural opportunities. It would utterly destroy land monopoly by making the holding of land unprofitable to any but the user. There would be no temptation for anyone to hold land for future increase in its value when that increase was certain to be demanded in taxes. No one could afford to hold valuable land idle when the taxes upon it would be as heavy as they would be were it put to the fullest use. Thus speculation in land would be utterly destroyed, and land not in use would become free to those who wished to use it.

About Personal Property Taxation.

A bill passed the Albany legislature last Wednesday to tax all inheritances above $5,000. In the debate on the bill the whole question of personal property taxation came up; and, among other statements made, was one by Senator Fassett, that Commissioner Coleman had testified that it was impossible to find more than 10 per cent. of the personal property in New York city when the time came to value it for taxation. The estimated value of the personal property in New York city was $16,000,000; yet last year the commissioner had only been able to find $1,680,000,000 of it, and only $280,000,000 paid taxes; all the other was sworn off. Of this amount the banks, which are so much despised by our farmers, and estates paid 90 per cent. Senator Fasset had come to the conclusion that not 5 per cent. of the personal property in this state was reached by taxation, and it could not be reached.

EDWARD H. BAILEY, of Bloomington, Ill., writes: As an evidence of the value and importance to the cause in placing Mr. George's works in public libraries, I have to relate that to-day I called at the beautiful public library in this city, where I learned that "Progress and Poverty" was loaned. When I entered I asked the attendant, a lady whom I found to be very intelligent, if she could give me a printed list of the books in the library on political economy. She said she had no such list, and inquired if I wanted George's works.

"Have you 'Progress and Poverty?'" I asked. "It belongs to our collection, but it is out now." "Is it read much?" "O, yes: there are many applications for it. We very seldom have calls for any other political economies." The lady went away and returning presently dumped four or five books before me. "These are all the books we have on political economy," she said, "and they are seldom called for. Lawyers, preachers, teachers and students generally ask for 'Progress and Poverty.'" The books she brought me were by Walker, Perry, Sumner and one or two others.

WHILE at first blush it may seem to the farmer that to abolish all taxes upon other things than the value of land would be to exempt the richer inhabitants of cities from taxation, and unduly to tax him, discussion and reflection will certainly show him that the reverse is the case. Personal property is not, never has been, and never can be, fairly taxed. The rich man always escapes more easily than the man who has but little; the city, more easily than the country. Taxes which add to prices bear upon the inhabitants of sparsely settled districts with as much weight, and in many cases with much more weight, than upon the inhabitants of great cities